

CELEBRATING
THE BEST OF
URDU
POETRY

SELECTED BY
KHUSHWANT SINGH
&
KAMNA PRASAD

TRANSLATED WITH AN
INTRODUCTION BY
KHUSHWANT SINGH





PENGUIN BOOKS
CELEBRATING THE BEST OF URDU POETRY

Khushwant Singh is India's best-known writer and columnist. He has been founder–editor of *Yojana*, and editor of the *Illustrated Weekly of India*, the *National Herald* and the *Hindustan Times*. He is also the author of several books which include the novels *Train to Pakistan*, *I Shall Not Hear the Nightingale*, *Delhi*, *The Company of Women* and *Burial at Sea*; the classic two-volume *A History of the Sikhs*; and a number of translations and nonfiction books on Sikh religion and culture, Delhi, nature and current affairs. His autobiography, *Truth, Love and a Little Malice*, was published in 2002.

Khushwant Singh was a Member of Parliament from 1980 to 1986. He was awarded the Padma Bhushan in 1974, but returned the decoration in 1984 in protest against the storming of the Golden Temple by the Indian Army. In 2007, he was awarded the Padma Vibhushan.

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Kamna Prasad is the editor of the festschrift *Khushwant Singh: An Icon of Our Age*.

Praise for *Celebrating the Best of Urdu Poetry*

This elegantly produced volume brings Urdu's characteristic poetic grace back onto the radar for those who love the verses but are today unable to read them because of unfamiliarity with the script . . . Singh's characteristic zest for life seeps through the translations. In most places, the poems rhyme in English as well, retaining the music of Urdu verse, giving the readers a feel of the original composition . . . [this book] will compel you to look for more Urdu poetry—*The Indian Express*

The collection is particularly significant in the politically biased and communally charged times we live in, and will be a delight for those who still share a passion for Urdu poetry—*The Week*

The great thing about this book . . . is that each verse is printed thrice, first in Devnagri, then with English phonetics, and finally the English translation . . . Works wonderfully well—*First City*

Celebrating the Best of Urdu Poetry



Selected by

Khushwant Singh and Kamna Prasad

Translated with an introduction by

Khushwant Singh

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PENGUIN BOOKS

*To Fatma and Rafiq Zakaria
for rekindling my love for Urdu poetry*

Khushwant Singh

*To my father late Gyaneshwar Prasad,
who initiated me into Urdu poetry,
and my daughter Jiya,
to whom I pass on this cultural legacy*

Kamna Prasad

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INTRODUCTION



One summer when on vacation in Kasauli, I was looking for an anthology of Urdu poetry to read before taking my afternoon siesta and before retiring for the night. I laid my hands on Gyaneshwar Prasad's selection of Urdu verse in Devanagri script. I read Devanagri with some difficulty and my Urdu vocabulary is poor. To my dismay I found the meanings of difficult words in the footnote even harder to understand than the original. Back in Delhi, I asked Gyaneshwar's daughter Kamna Prasad who, though unable to read the Arabic script in which Urdu is usually written, has a sizeable repertoire of Urdu poetry which she reels off by rote. She loves Urdu poetry, and organizes an annual Jashn-e-Bahaar Mushaira of leading Indian and Pakistani poets in the capital. I asked Kamna to help me select what she thought were gems of Urdu verse which I could translate into English as a joint offering to lovers of the language.

I have been translating Urdu poetry off and on, and including it in the syndicated weekly columns I write for Hindustan Times ('With Malice Towards One And All...') and The Tribune ('This Above All'). I also included Urdu verse in my novel Delhi. This was followed by a translation of Mohammed Iqbal's 'Shikwa' and 'Jawab-e-Shikwa'. I went on to translate more Urdu verse for the collection *Declaring Love in Four Languages*, in collaboration with Sharda Kaushik. I mention all this here to prove that, despite my shortcomings, I have an abiding passion for Urdu poetry.

Although we have named this collection 'Celebrating the Best of Urdu Poetry', connoisseurs of the language may feel our selection doesn't deserve to be called the best. Urdu is dying a slow death in the land where it was born and where it

the best. Urdu is dying a slow death in the land where it was born and where it flourished. There is little to celebrate about the status of Urdu in present-day India. The number of students who take it as a subject in schools and colleges is dwindling very fast. Rashid laments:

*Maangey Allah se bas itni dua hai Rashid
Main jo Urdu mein vaseeyat likhoon beta parh ley*

All Rashid asks of Allah is just one small gift:
If I write my will in Urdu, may my son be able to read it.

Nevertheless, Urdu continues to be extensively quoted in debates, and it remains the most quotable of all Indian languages. Khurshid Afsar Bistrani put it aptly:

*Ab Urdu kya hai ek kothay kee tawaif hai
Mazaa har ek leta hai mohabbat kaun karta hai*

What is Urdu now but a whore in a whorehouse
Whoever wants has fun with her, very few love her.

Apart from Kashmir, where Urdu is taught from the primary to the post-graduate levels, in the rest of India it is the second or third language. With the passing of years it has come to be dubbed as the language of the Muslims, which is far from the truth. However, even parents of Muslim children prefer to have their offspring learn Hindi or the language of the region in which they live. Knowledge of Urdu cannot ensure getting jobs either in the government or in private business houses, while knowledge of English, Hindi or regional languages does. Besides economic considerations, champions of both Urdu and Hindi refuse to budge from their positions on the scripts to be used. Those who write Urdu in the Arabic script refuse to admit that it can be as easily read in Devanagiri or Roman. Hindi purists, likewise, refuse to have selections of Urdu poetry included in school or college textbooks. As a result, while Urdu is dying out in this country, it continues to flourish in Pakistan, where it has been recognized as the national language in preference to the more commonly spoken Punjabi, Sindhi, Baluchi or Pushto.

Urdu is rich because of its mixed linguistic heritage. It evolved as an argot—a mixture of Turkish, Arabic and Persian that was spoken by the Muslim soldiers in invaders’ armies, combined with the Sanskrit, Hindi, Braj and Dakhani spoken by the Indian soldiers in Mughal military encampments. (The word ‘Urdu’, incidentally, means ‘camp’.) It was also known as Rekhta during the time of Meer and Ghalib. The educated elite, who preferred to write and speak Persian, looked upon the language with some disdain at first. It was the same with poets like Meer and Ghalib, right down to Mohammad Iqbal. All of them wrote in Persian till they realized that Urdu was more acceptable to the masses and gave them much larger audiences. But the influence of Persian remains dominant to this day in imagery as well as in the use of composite words like qaid-e-hayat-o-band-e-gham (prison-of-life-andchain- of-sorrows).

It may come as a surprise to readers that while most Urdu poets were, and are, Muslims, to whom wine is haraam (forbidden), they wrote more on the joys of drinking than on any other subject. (Some, like Ghalib, Sahir and Faiz Ahmed Faiz, were also hard drinkers.) Urdu poetry is replete with odes and references to the maikhana (tavern) and the saqi (wine server). However there is no historical evidence of maikhanas in any city. There were wine shops from where hard liquor could be bought and consumed alone, in exclusively male gatherings, or in salons of courtesans who, besides singing, dancing and flirting with their patrons, sometimes filled men’s goblets with wine, or got their maids or boy servants to do so. The saqi, too, is as much a figment of the poet’s imagination as are the taverns. The saqis in literature not only served wine but could also get men drunk by merely exchanging glances with them.

While high Muslim society was rigidly segregated according to gender, and women covered themselves from head to heel in burqas, it did not deter poets from showering praise on their beauty and proclaiming the joys of making love to them. Much of Urdu love poetry was addressed to courtesans, whose mehfil the poets patronized. Quite a lot of it was also addressed to rosy-cheeked, round-bottomed boys, who on occasion acted as wine servers. Pederasty, though frowned upon by puritans, appears to have been commonly practised.

Stock images from Arabic and Persian art and literature persist in Urdu poetry. Four of the commonest are the nightingale’s (or the bulbul’s) lament for

the unresponsive rose, moths incinerating themselves on candle flames, Majnu's unending quest for his beloved Laila, and Farhaad hacking rock-cliffs to get to his Shirin. Almost all Urdu verse is overwhelmingly romantic, and there's a morbid obsession with the decline of youth into old age and, ultimately, death. A mood of despair runs through much of Urdu poetry. Nevertheless, there is also plenty of wit, satire and humour, their chief contributor being Akbar Allahabadi. Later poets made use of them as weapons of social reform, to denounce bigotry and religious hatred. Being largely iconoclasts, the poets frequently lampooned preachers of morality who went under the titles of Sheikh, Zahid, Vaaiz and Naseh. A convention that has been carried on from the Middle Ages to the present day is the inclusion of the poet's name or pseudonym in the last couplet (maqta). Poets often added the names of the places they belonged to to their assumed poetic names. Thus Mirza Asadullah Khan used 'Ghalib' (conqueror) as his pseudonym. Daagh came to be known as Daagh Dehlvi (of Delhi), Akbar was better known as Akbar Allahabadi (from Allahabad), and today we are familiar with Firaq Gorakhpuri, Shakeel Badayuni, Majrooh Sultanpuri, Agha Hashr Kashmiri and Sahir Ludhianvi.

Urdu poets also owe much of their popularity to the ghazal, the most popular form of Urdu poetry. One interesting aspect of the ghazal is that it is not confined to one theme. Although its rhyming pattern is consistent, the thought content in every couplet is often at variance and can be quoted independently. That is why ghazals are rarely given titles or have names to them. All this may suggest that ghazals can be difficult or confusing, or obtuse, but this is not the case. In fact, this quality (or structure) makes a ghazal very flexible—it isn't always necessary to write or recite the entire ghazal. You can pick and choose any of the couplets, so you may hear different versions of a ghazal by different people. This is what I've done in some of my translations—picked only my favourite couplets from a ghazal.

Hindi films—music composers and playback singers—have had a great role to play in popularizing Urdu verse. In India, there were K.L. Saigal, Mohammad Rafi, Begum Akhtar, Lata Mangeshkar, Asha Bhonsle, Talat Mahmood and Jagjit Singh; in Pakistan Noor Jahan, Mallika Pukhraj, Mehdi Hassan, Ghulam Ali, Iqbal Bano and Farida Khanam. These singers have made Urdu ghazals known to millions who do not even know that the language is written from right

to left. Above all, it is the unparalleled resonance of Urdu words and their musical content that has got many like me, who are not Urdu speakers, hooked to the language.

I consulted many translations before I embarked on this venture. I wish to acknowledge my debt to the late Gyaneshwar Prasad of Patna, Victor Kiernan, Arberry, Ralph Russell, Issar, Badri Raina, Purshottam Nijhawan, Kuldip Salil, Naseem Muqri, Roshan Chauffle, K.C. Kanda, Zarina Sani, Vinay Waikar and T.N. Raz.

While working on these translations I had Sultan Nathani's Lughatd and Shri Ram Vidharthi's romanized Hindi-Urdu to English dictionaries by my side.

Summer, 2006
New Delhi

Khushwant Singh



MOHAMMAD RAFI SAUDA (1706–1781)

Mirza Mohammad Rafi Sauda was born in Delhi, his father having migrated from Kabul. Sauda sought the patronage of Shah Alam but was disappointed. He shifted to Farrukhabad and then to Lucknow during the reign of Nawab Asaf-ud-daulah. One of the most versatile poets of his age, he composed ghazals, qaseedas (eulogies) as well as marsiyas (songs of lament), though he is best known for his satires on Delhi and Lucknow.

Ab aur naheen

Saaqi gayee bahaar dil mein rahee havas
Too minnaton sey jaam dey aur main kahoon key "bas!"

Zulfein

Jab yaar ney utthaa kar zulfon key baal baandhey
Tab mainey apney dil mein laakhon khayaal baandhey

No More

O saqi, gone is the spring of youth
Remains but one regret in this heart of mine:
Had you but pressed the goblet in my hand
Had I but said, 'Enough! Enough, no more wine!'

Her Tresses

When my beloved raised her arms to gather up her tresses
A million desires gathered in my heart and got tied up in a tangle.



MEER TAQI MEER (1722–1810)

Meer was born in a village close to Agra. His father was a dervish. Meer began composing poetry in Persian very early in life. Later he switched to Urdu and became the most celebrated exponent of love. He migrated to Delhi in the hope of gaining patronage of the Mughal king and the city's nobility. There he witnessed the devastation of the city at the hands of the Afghan invader Ahmed Shah Abdali, which he recorded in his autobiography *Zikre- Meer*. Meer often suffered bouts of acute depression. Having failed to make a living in Delhi he moved to Lucknow where rich Nawabs were known for their love of Urdu poetry. He died a pauper in 1810. His grave was later demolished to make space for the city's railway station.

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Main nashey mein hoon

Yaaro mujhey muaaf rakho main nashey mein hoon
Ab do to jaam khaali hee do main nashey mein hoon

Masti sey barhamee hai meree guftagoo key beech
Jo chaaho tum bhee mujh ko kaho main nashey mein hoon.

Maazur hoon, jo paaon mera betarah padey
Tum sargiraan to mujh sey na ho main nashey mein hoon.

Bhaagee namaaz-e-jumma to jaatee nahee hai kuchh
Chalta hoon main bhee, tuk to raho main nashey mein hoon

Naazuk mizaaj aap qayaamat hain Meer jee
Joon sheesha merey munh na lago main nashey mein hoon

I Am Somewhat Drunk

Friends, you should forgive me, for I am somewhat drunk.
And if you must, give me an empty cup, for I am somewhat drunk.

This is intoxication you hear not malice in my talk
You too may curse and call me names, for I am somewhat drunk.

You can see that I am helpless, when I try to walk I stumble
Don't be cross with me, please don't grumble, for I am somewhat drunk.

The Friday prayer is always there; it won't run away
I will come along too if you stay a while, for I am somewhat drunk.

Meer can be touchy as hell, he's made of fragile glass;
Watch what you say to him tonight, for he is somewhat drunk.

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Ishq kya hai

Ishq hee ishq hai jahaan dekho
Sarey aalam mein bhar rahaa hai ishq

Ishq maashooq ishq aashiq hai
Yaanee apnaa hee muftala hai ishq

Kaun maqsad ko ishq bin pahoncha
Aarzoo ishq mudda'a hai ishq

Dard hee khud hai khud davaa hai ishq
Shaikh kya jaaney too ki kya hai ishq

Too na hovey to nazm-e-kul uth jaaye

Sachchey hain shaairaan khuda hai ishq

What is Love?

It is love and only love whichever way you look,
Love is piled high from the earth to the sky above.

Love is the Beloved, love the lover too,
In short, love is itself in love with love.

Without love, what man his goal attains?
Love is desire, love its ultimate aim.

Love is anguish, love the antidote of love's pain
O wise man, what would you know of love?

Without love the order of the universe would be broken
God is love——truly have the poets spoken.

Baadal, sharaab, gul aur too

Mausam-e-abr ho suboo bhee ho
Gul ho gulshan ho aur too bhee ho

Baadal, sharaab, gul aur too

Mausam-e-abr ho suboo bhee ho
Gul ho gulshan ho aur too bhee ho

Shamaa aur parvaana

Kuchh na dekha phir bajuz yak shola-e-purpeech-o-taab
Shamaa tak to hamney dekha thha ki parvaana gayaa

Shamaa aur parvaana

Kuchh na dekha phir bajuz yak shola-e-purpeech-o-taab
Shamaa tak to hamney dekha thha ki parvaana gayaa

Fariyaad

Fariyaad

Fariyaad

Dil kis qadar shagufta hua thha ki raat Meer
Aai jo baat lab pey so fariyaad ho gayee

Clouds, Wine, Roses and You

The season of clouds, a flask of wine too
Roses, the rose garden, as well as you.

The Moth and the Flame

I saw nothing besides the curving, leaping fire
The last thing I saw was the moth moving to the fire.

Cry for Help

How down-hearted was Meer at night!
Whatever he said became a cry for help.

ਪੰਜਾਬੀ-ਸ਼ਾਇਰੀ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ-ਸ਼ਾਇਰੀ

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Pattaa-pattaa bootaa-bootaa

Pattaa-pattaa bootaa-bootaa haal hamaaraa jaaney hai
Jaaney na jaaney gul hee na jaaney baagh to saaraa jaaney hai

Chaaraagaree beemaaree-e-dil kee rasm-e-shahar-e-husn naheen
Varnaa dilbar-e-naadaan bhee is dard ka chaaraa jaaney hai

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Sharaab ka jaadu

Shab ko vo piye sharaab niklaa
Jaanaa yeh kee aaftaab niklaa

Qurbaan pyaalaa-e-mai-naab

~ ~
Jis sey kee tera hjaab niklaa

Each Leaf, Every Flower

Every leaf of every plant and tree knows of my state
Only my beloved rose couldn't care less; the rest of the garden knows my fate.

It is not as if the beloved is innocent of the cure for pain,
In the city of beauty it isn't custom to nurse the sick of heart, why complain?

The Miracle of Wine

Last night she emerged, a little drunk
It was as if the sun was out.

My life I'd gladly give the wineglass
That drowned your modesty and brought you out.

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Ishq mein kaafir

Ultee ho gae sab tadbeeren, kuchh na davaa ney kaam kiya
Dekha is beemaaree-e-dil ney aakhir kaam tamaam kiya

Yaan key saphed-o-siyaah mein hamko dakhla jo hai so itnaa hai
Raat ko ro-ro subah kiya aur din ko joon-toon shaam kiya

Meer key deen-o-mazhab ko ab poochhtey kya ho un-ney to
Qashqaa kheenchaa, dair mein baithaa, kab ka tark Islaam kiya

Infidel in Love

Nothing I've tried has worked, even medicine's proved useless
This sickness of the heart has done me in.

In this black-and-white of life, I have only this much say
The nights I spend shedding tears; somehow I make it through the day.

What is Meer's faith, what religion is he, do you want to know?
He wears a sacred mark on his forehead and sits in a temple; he used to be
Muslim long ago.



SHEIKH GHULAM HAMDANI MUS-HAFI (1747–1823)

Mus-hafi was born in Amroha, a small town to the east of Delhi, and moved to Delhi during the reign of Shah Alam, joining the company of the Red Fort. He moved to Lucknow soon after, where he was employed at the court of a distinguished nawab. Mus-hafi was replaced by his rival Insha, and often attacked the society that had spurned him. A bon vivant and very outspoken, he made his name as a poet using simple everyday language. He also left behind accounts of the lives of the poets that preceded him. He died in Lucknow in 1823.

ਮੁਸਾਫਿਰ-ਏ-ਬੇਕਾਸ

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Musaafir-e-bekas

Hasrat ye us musaafir-e-bekas kee roiye

Jo thhak key baith jaataa ho manzil key saamney

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Khvaab thhaa ya khayaal thhaa

Khvaab thhaa ya khayaal thhaa kyaa thhaa

Hijr thhaa ya vishaal thhaa kyaa thhaa

Chamkee bijlee see par na samjhey hum

Husn thhaa ya jamaal thhaa kya thhaa

The Helpless Traveller

Spare your tears for the helpless traveller's plight
Who tired sits by the wayside when his destination is in sight.

Was it a Dream or Memory

Was it a dream or a memory of you, I do not know
Was it separation from you or union, I do not know.

Was it lightning that flashed before me, I do not know
Was it your beauty or His splendour, I do not know.



BAHADUR SHAH ZAFAR (1775–1862)

Bahadur Shah Zafar, the last Mughal emperor, was born in 1775. By the time he ascended the throne, the empire had shrunk to the capital Shahjahanabad (Delhi) and its surroundings and he was emperor only in name, confined to the Red Fort where he ruled over a vast harem of courtesans, their offspring (salateen) and eunuchs. When the sepoys rose in revolt against the British in the summer of 1857, they forced Bahadur Shah to become their leader. He was not cut out to be one and was more interested in composing poetry and organizing mushairas. When the British and their Indian allies crushed the uprising, Bahadur Shah was put on trial for his role in the Mutiny, convicted and exiled to Burma. He lived the last few years of his life in Rangoon, where he died and is buried.

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Khuda

Na dekha vo kaheen Jalva

Jo dekha khaana-e-dil mein

Bahut masjid mein sar maara

Bahut sa dhoonda butkhaana

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Aadmi aur Khuda

Zafar aadmi usko na jaaniyega voh ho kaisa hee saahab-e-fahm-o-zakaa ka

Jisey aish mein yaad-e-khuda na rahee jisey taish mein khauf-e-khuda na
rahaa

God Within

Nowhere did I see the Splendour
That I saw in the cave of my heart,
Many times I dashed my head in the mosque
Many times in the temple of idols Him I sought.

Man and His Maker

O Zafar! Know him not as a man, however clever, wise, benign;
Who in pleasure's pursuit forgets his God, in anger's passion, wrath divine.

ਸ਼ਬਦ

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Ghazal

Baat karnee mujhey mushkil kabhee aisee to na thhee
Jaisee ab hai teree mehfil kabhee aisee to na thhee

Ley gayaa chheen key kaun aaj teraa sabr-o-qaraar
Beqaraaree tujhey ai dil kabhee aisee to na thhee

Chashm-e-qaatil meree dushman thhee hameshaa lekin
Jaisi ab ho gae qaatil kabhee aisee to na thhee

Unkee aankhon ney khuda jaaney kiyaa kyaa jaadoo

Ki tabeeyat meree maa'il kabhee aisee to na thhee

Aks-e-rukh-e-yaar ney kisseey hai tujhey chamkaayaa
Taab tujh mein maah-e-kaamil kabhee aisee to na thhee

Kyaa sabab too jo bigadtaa hai Zafar sey har baar
Khoo teree hoor-e-shamaa'il kabhee aisee to na thhee

Ghazal

I was never at a loss for words, almost dumb
Your gatherings were never what they've now become.

Who has robbed you of your patience, your peace of mind?
You were never this restless, dear heart, as now I find.

The assassin's eyes were always my enemy
They have become even more venomous I can see.

God alone knows what sorcery her eyes contain
My spirits were never so low, as everyone can tell.

The reflection of my beloved's face has a new shine
The full moon never lit the skies with such lustre divine.

Why is it that Zafar can do nothing right in your eyes?
You never behaved like the heartless houris of paradise.

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Shaan-e-Hindustan

Hindustan kee bhee ajab sarzameen hai
Jis mein wafaa-o-mehr-o-mohabbat ka hai wafoor
Jaisey ki aaftaab nikalta hai sharq sey
Ikhlaas ka hua hai isee mulk sey zahoor
Hai asl tukhm-e-Hind aur is zameen sey
Phaila hai is jahaan mein ye mevaa door door

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Naakaara

Na kisee kee aankh ka noor hoon
Na kisee key dil ka qaraar hoon
Jo kisee key kaam na aa sakey
Main vo ek musht-e-ghubaar hoon

Ode to Hindustan

Matchless is the soil of Hindustan
In it grow love, compassion and fidelity,
As sure as the sun rises from the east
So surges from this land sincerity.
This is the true seed of Hind and from its earth
These fruits have spread across the world, far and wide.

Useless Existence

(attributed to Zafar but believed to be the words of Muztar Khairabadi)

I am not the light of anyone's eye
I am not the comfort of anyone's heart
Of no use to anyone am I:
I am just a fistful of dust.



SHEIKH IBRAHIM ZAUQ (1789–1854)

Zauq was Ghalib's contemporary and their rivalry was well known. The son of a common soldier in the Mughal army, Zauq was born in Delhi. He was stricken by small pox when he was a child and barely survived. Zauq was sent to a maktab (elementary religious school) run by Hafiz Ghulam Rasool (Shauq) who dabbled in poetry. Under his influence the young Mohammed Ibrahim began composing poetry and, as suggested by his mentor, adopted 'Zauq' (man of taste) as his pseudonym. Though he could not complete his course in the maktab, he was able to impress Shah Naseer, the most popular poet of Delhi at the time, who accepted him as a pupil. Gradually, Zauq began participating in mushairas and made a name for himself.

Emperor Bahadur Shah Zafar appointed him poet laureate of the Mughal court. Zauq died in 1854 and was buried in the grounds of Delhi College outside Ajmeri Gate.

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Zindagee aur maut

Laaee hayaat aaye qazaa ley chalee chaley

Apnee khushee na aaye na apnee khushi chaley

Duniya ney kiska rah-e-fanaa mein diya hai saath

Tum bhee chaley chalo yoon hee jab tak chalee chaley

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Paak paapee

Kab haq parast zaahid-e-jannat-parast hai

Hooron pey mar rahaa hai ye shahvat parast hai

Life and Death

I came into the world, now death stands at my door,
I came not of my pleasure, nor do I go at my leisure.
Who in this world accompanies you on the road to death?
Keep going on your own, till you take your last breath.

The Saintly Sinner

He preaches morals and pines for paradise, but this too is true:
He will give his life for houris, he also loves to screw.

मल्लाह का माइखाना

मल्लाह का माइखाना का माइखाना मल्लाह का माइखाना
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Mullah aur maikhaana

Zauq jo madarsey key bigdey huey hain mullah
Unko maikhaaney mein ley aao sanvar jaaengey

मल्लाह का माइखाना

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Jung

Aankh sey aankh hai ladtee mujhey dar hai dil ka
Kaheen ye jaaye na is joang-o-jadal mein maaraa

The Mullah and the Tavern

The mullahs ruined by the madrassas, O Zauq,
Bring them to the tavern, they'll be right again.

War

I fear for the poor heart as eyes lock with eyes,
In this war and battle, he might be the one who dies.



MIRZA ASADULLAH KHAN GHALIB (1796—1869)

Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib's Turkish ancestors were soldiers of fortune who served in the armies of the Mughals as well as the Hindu rajas. But Asadullah Khan, a tall, strapping, powerfully built, handsome young man, chose to make his career as a poet. He began composing in Persian but later wrote in Urdu. At the age of thirteen he was married to eleven-year-old Umrao Begum, a distant relative of the Nawab of Loharu. She bore him seven children all of whom died in their infancy as did their adopted son. The elegy the poet composed on his son's death is included in this selection. Asadullah Khan adopted the pen name 'Ghalib' (conqueror) but often used 'Asad' (lion) as well. He moved to Delhi and spent most of his life in a haveli in Gali Qasim Jan in Balimaran. Ghalib was frequently invited to the court of Bahadur Shah Zafar.

An iconoclast, a hard drinker and a gambler, Ghalib was jailed at least twice for not paying his debts and gambling. Ghalib was never able to afford the lifestyle he wanted and was forever looking for patrons including the British government to make ends meet.

Ghalib died in Delhi and was buried close to the dargah of Nizamuddin Auliya and the grave of Amir Khusro. His tomb has become a place of pilgrimage for lovers of Urdu poetry, as he is generally acknowledged as the greatest Urdu poet.

Paikar-e-tasveer

Paikar-e-tasveer hai kis kee shoukhee-e-tehreer ka
Kaaghazee hai pairahan har paikar-e-tasveer ka

Sharaab

Ghalib chhutee sharaab par ab bhee kabhee kabhee
Peeta hoon roz-e-abr-o-shab-e-maahtaab mein

Saaghar-o-meena

Go haath ko jumbish naheen aankhon mein to dam hai

Rehney do abhee saaghar-o-meena merey aagey

A Picture

A picture speaks for itself, what learned exposition does it need?
The paper on which it is painted is only its outer garment: it tells its own tale
indeed.

On Drinking

Ghalib foreswore wine! But from time to time it's true
When dark clouds span the skies,
And nights are lit by the moon
He breaks his vow and takes a sip or two.

The Jug and the Cup

Though I can no longer stretch my hands
I still have life's sparkle in my eyes;
Let the jug of wine and cup remain

Before me where they lie.

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Ishq

Ishq sey tabeeyat ney zeest ka mazaa paaya
Dard kee davaa paayee dard-e-la-davaa paaya

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Talaash

Chaltaa hoon thhoree door har ik tez rau key saath
Pehchaanta naheen hoon abhee raahbar ko main

Love

Love gave me the lust for living—
To ease my pain it gave me something for sure;
It gave me such pain that nothing can cure.

The Search

A short distance I go along with every speedy wayfarer,
I have yet to find the one I will follow as my leader.

Choomna

Choomna-ko-choomna-choomna ko door sey mat dikha key yoon
Bosey ko poochhta hoon main munh sey mujhey bataa ki yoon

Bulaalo mujhey

Ghooncha-e-nashigufta ko door sey mat dikha key yoon
Bosey ko poochhta hoon main munh sey mujhey bataa ki yoon

Bulaalo mujhey

Bulaalo mujhey bulaalo mujhey chaaho jis vaqt
Main gayaa vaqt naheen hoon ki phir aa bhee na sakoon

Bulaalo mujhey

Mehrbaan hokey bulaalo mujhey chaaho jis vaqt
Main gayaa vaqt naheen hoon ki phir aa bhee na sakoon

On a Kiss

Do not pout your lips at me like a half-opened rosebud from afar
All I ask you for is a kiss
Let your lips give me the answer:
'It is done like this.'

Send for Me

Have mercy and send for me
Any time you so desire;
Time gone is forever gone, it's true——
I am not time,
I can always return to you.

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Ikhtiyaar kiye gaye betey kee maut pey

Laazim thha ki dekho mera rastaa koi din aur

Tanha gaye kyon ab raho tanha koi din aur

Jaatey huey kehtey ho qayaamat ko milengey

Kya khoob qayaamat ka hai goya koi din aur

Tum mah-e-shab-e-char-dahum thhey merey ghar key

Phir kyon na rahaa ghar ka yey naqshaa koi din aur

Mujhsey tumhein nafrat sahi Nayyar sey ladaee

Bachchon ka bhee dekha na tamaasha koi din aur

Naadaan hain jo kehtey hain ki kyon jeetey ho Ghalib
Qismat mey hai marney kee tamanna koi din aur

On the Death of an Adopted Son

You should have waited for me a few days more.
Why did you leave alone? —now stay alone a few days more.

As you went away, you said, 'We will meet on Judgement Day.'
Such illusions of Judgement I must live a few days more.

You were ever the full moon of my blighted home,
Why couldn't it remain lit up a few days more?

You may despise me, You may hate everything that lights up my life;
You wouldn't even abide the laughter of children a few days more.

They are fools who ask me, 'Why do you go on living, Ghalib?'
It is my fate to long for death a few day more.

ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦਾ ਸਫਰ

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Zindagi ka safar

Rau mein hai rakhsh-e-umr kahaan dekhiye thhamey

Naey haath baag par hai na paa hai rakaab mein

ਖੁਦਾ

ਮੇਰੇ ਮਨ ਦੇ ਖਾਨਦਾਨ ਦੇ ਭਾਈ ਭੈਣਾਂ ਦੇ ਖਾਨਦਾਨ ਦੇ

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Khuda

Na thha kuchh to khuda thha kuchh na hota to khuda hota

Duboya mujh ko honey ney na hota main to kya hota

Life's Journey

Life travels at a galloping pace, I know not where it will stop;
The reins are not in my hands, nor my feet in the stirrups.

On God

When there was nothing, there was God, had nothing existed there would be
God;
My being has been my ruin: tell me, had I not existed, what would be lost?

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Burhapey kee aah

Dil sey teree nigaah jigar tak utar gaee
Dono ko ik adaa mein razaamand kar gaee

Voh baada-e-shabaana kee sarmastiyaan kahaan
Utthiye bas ab ki lazzat-e-khwaab-e-sahar gaee

Dekho to dilfarebee-e-andaaz-e-naqsh-e-paa
Mauj-e-khiraam-e-yaar bhee kya gul katar gaee

Nazzaarey ney bhee kaam kiya vaan niqaab ka
.....

Mastee sey har nigah terey rukh par bikhar gaee

Farda-o-dee ka tefriqa yak baar mit gayaa
Kal tum gaye ki hum pey qayaamat guzar gaee

Maara zamaaney ney Asadullah Khan tumhein
Voh valvaley kahaan voh javaanee kidhar gaee

Lament of Old Age

Your gaze travelled from my heart to my core (in such a fashion)
That in one glance it was both my love and my passion.

Where has the headiness of youth's evening drink gone?
It's time to get up and go, gone are the sweet dreams of dawn.

This bewitching pattern of footprints—to whom do they belong?
Was it my beloved scattering rose petals as she went along?

My (very) vision blinded me like a veil
As every eye fell upon your face unveiled.

I cannot tell the difference between yesterday and today
Since you left, all are the same, everything falls away.

Asadullah Khan, time has taken its toll and left you for dead
What happened to all the carousels, where's your youth fled?

ਸ਼ਬਦ

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Ghazal *f*

Yeh na thhee hamaree qismat ki visaal-e-yaar hota
Agar aur jeetey rehtey yahee intizaar hota

Terey vaadey par jiye hum jo yeh jaan jhoot jaana
Ki khushee sey mar na jaatey agar aitbaar hota

Koi merey dil sey poochhey terey teer-e-neemkash ko
Yeh khalish kahaan sey hotee jo jigar key paar hota

Rag-e-sang sey tapakta voh lahoo ki phir na thhamta
Jisey gham samajh rahey ho yeh agar sharaar hota

Kahoon kissey main ki kya hai shab-e-gham buree bala hai
Mujhey kya bura thha marnaa agar ek baar hota

Ghazal 1

To be united with the beloved was not writ in my fate,
Had I lived any longer, it would have been the same long wait.

I lived on your promises, I knew they were not true,
Would not I have died of joy had I believed in you?

Ask my heart about the pain of love and it will tell you
The half-drawn bow's the assassin, not the arrow that pierces through.

The stone's veins would burst and nothing would stem blood's flow,
If these weren't sparks of anger, but outpourings of my sorrow.

To whom can I speak of sorrows that come with the fading of light?
Death would be welcome, if it did not stand at my door every night.

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Usey kaun dekh sakta ki yagaana hai voh yakta
Jo dui kee boo bhee hotee to kaheen duchar hota

Yeh masaail-e-tasawwuf yeh tera bayaan Ghalib
Tujhey hum valee samajhtey jo na baadaakhvar hota

She is unique, the only one, who can dare to gaze upon her?
Had there been a second remotely resembling her, had there been another!

Your concern with mystic problems, Ghalib, your language is such
You could have passed off for a saint, had you not drunk so much.



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Ghazal ,~

Taskeen ko hum na royein jo zauq-e-nazar miley  
Hooraan-e-khuld mein teree soorat magar miley

Apnee galee mein mujhko na kar dafn baad-e-qatl  
Merey patey sey khalq ko kyon tera ghar miley

Saqeegaree kee sharm karo aaj varnaa hum  
Har shab piya hee kartey hain mai jis qadar miley

Tujhsey to kuch kalaam naheen lekin aye nadeem  
Mera salaam kahiyo agar naamaabar miley

Tumko bhee hum dikhayein ki Majnoon ney kya kiya  
Fursat kashaakash-e-gham-e-pinhaan sey gar miley

## Ghazal 2

If I found the one I long to see, I would not cry for peace of mind  
Among the houris of paradise, if one like you I'd find.

After destroying me do not bury me in the house in which you dwell,  
Why should someone looking for my grave find your house as well?

Do not put to shame the wine server's oath by which you're bound,  
Know that every evening I get my drink from wherever it is found.

Though we are not on talking terms, O my friend!  
Through a trusty messenger convey the greetings that I send.

What Majnoon did I could do for you to see  
If of pain and turmoil within me I could be set free.

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Laazim naheen ki Khizr kee hum pairavee karein  
Maanaa ki ik buzurg hamein humsafar miley

Ai sakinaan-e-koocha-e-dildar dekhna  
Tumko kaheen jo Ghalib-e-aashuftha sar miley

I do not have to seek the patronage of St Christopher  
I know I have as fellow-traveller a wise elder.

Beware O you who dwell in my beloved's street  
Lest the love-crazed Ghalib you might meet.



ਸੁਰਮਿ ਭਰਾ

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Ghazal ...

Kisee ko dekey dil koi navaa sanj-e-fughaan kyon ho  
Na ho jab dil hee seeney mein to phir munh mein zabaan kyon ho

Voh apnee khoo na chhorengey hum apnee vazaa kyon badlein  
Subuk sar ban key kya puchhein ki humsey sargiraan kyon ho

Kiya ghamkhwar ney ruswa lagey aag is mohabbat ko  
Na laavey taab jo gham kee voh mera raazdaan kyon ho

Wafa kaisee kahaan ka ishq jab sar phorna thehra  
To phir aye sang dil tera hee sang-e-aastaan kyon ho

Ya kah saktey ho hum dil mein naheen hain par yeh batlao  
Ki jab dil mein ghamkhwar aag hai to phir kyon zabaan kyon ho

K1 jab dil mein tumneen tum ho to aakhoñ sey ninaan kyon ho

### Ghazal 3

Having willingly given away one's heart to another, why should songs of  
lament be sung?  
When there's no heart left in the ribcage, why should the mouth have a  
tongue?

She will not cease to be arrogant, why should I lose my pride?  
With bowed head must I ask, 'Why me do you so much deride?'

It's my friend and consoler who's let me down, such love I'd gladly burn,  
One who has no strength to share my sorrow, shouldn't I her friendship spurn?

What kind of loyalty, wherefore this love? It is my own head I have to break  
Then, O stone-hearted one, why at your threshold must I smash it for your  
sake?

You are free to say I have no place in your heart, but tell me why  
When you and only you live in my heart, you are hidden from my eye?

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Ghalat hai jazb-e-dil ka shikva dekho jurm kis ka hai  
Na khencho gar tum apney ko kashaakash darmiyaan kyon ho

Yeh fithna aadmi kee khaanaaveeraanee ko kya kam hai  
Huey tum dost jiskey dushman uska aasmaan kyon ho

Nikaalaa chaahataa hai kaam kya taanon sey too Ghalib  
Terey bemehar kehney sey voh tujh par mehrbaan kyon ho

Wrong is the stricken heart's complaint, see who is the guilty one in this,  
If you did not draw back, why would there be this tension between us?

Is not this devil in man enough to wreck life and fill it with woe?  
One who has you for a friend, why need he ask for a foe?

O Ghalib, by taunts and complaints what do you hope to gain?  
If you call her unkind, why expect her to be kind and remain?



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Ghazal †

Husn-e-mah garchey ba hoongaam-e-kamaal achchhaa hai  
Ussey mera mah-e-khursheed jamaal achchhaa hai

Bosa detey naheen aur dil pey hai har lehzaa nigaah  
Jee mein kehtey hain ki muft aaye to maal achchhaa hai

Unkey dekhey sey jo aajaatee hai munh par raunaq  
Voh samajhtey hain ki beemaar ka haal achchhaa hai

Dekhiye paatey hain ushshaaq buton sey kya faiz  
Ik birahman ney kahaa hai ki yeh saal achchhaa hai

Hum ko maaloom hai jannat kee haqeeqat lekin  
Dil ke khush rakhney ko Ghalib yeh khyaal achchhaa hai

## Ghazal 4

Though beyond compare is the beauty of the full moon,  
More beautiful is my beloved who shines like the sun at noon.

She will not let me kiss her but keeps her eyes on my heart to see:  
She says to herself, 'It is a good bargain if I get him for free.'

As my face lights up when I set eyes upon her  
She thinks my illness has passed, I must be better.

Let us see what lovers get from the gods they hold dear,  
A soothsayer predicts this will be a lucky year.

We all know the truth about paradise, I fear,  
But Ghalib, the illusion keeps the heart in good cheer.

ਭਾਗ ੧

ਮੇਰੇ ਦਿਲ ਦੇ ਚੁੰਨੇ-ਚੁੰਨੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਦਿਲ ਦੇ ਚੁੰਨੇ ਚੁੰਨੇ  
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Ghazal ❦

Dil hee to hai na sang-o-khishth dard sey bhar na aaye kyon  
Royenge hum hazaar baar koi humein sataaye kyon

Dair naheen haram naheen dar naheen aasthaan naheen  
Baithey hain rehghuzar pey hum ghair humein utthaye kyon

Jab voh jamaal-e-dil faroz soorat-e-mehr-e-neemroz  
Aap hee ho nazzaara soz pardey mein munh chhupaaye kyon

Qaid-e-hayaat-o-band-e-gham asl mein dono ek hain  
.. .. .

Maut sey pehley aadmi gham sey nijaat paaye kyon

Haan voh naheen khuda parast jaao voh bewafaa sahee  
Jis ko ho deen-o-dil azeez uskee galee mein jaaye kyon

Ghalib-e-khastaa key baghair kaun sey kaam band hain  
Roiye zaar-zaar kya keejiye haaye haaye kyon

## Ghazal 5

It is my heart, not a thing of brick and stone, why can't it sometimes fill with  
pain?

A thousand tears will I shed and moan, why should you hurt me again and  
again?

Not in a temple nor in a mosque; not at anyone's door nor doorstep,  
If I sit spent by a thoroughfare, why should anyone tell me to get up?

She is heart bewitching, resplendent as the sun at noon, but to understand her I  
fail,

When she shows herself of her own will, why is her face hid behind a veil?

Life is like a prison, sorrows like fetters that bind;  
Why before death should can anyone freedom find?

Granted she has no faith in God, she also does fidelity disdain,  
Then he who holds God in his heart, why should he go down her lane?

Nothing in the world will stop when wretched Ghalib is absent  
Why then shed copious tears, why then the loud lament?

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Ghazal ~

Aah ko chaahiye ik umr asar honey tak
Kaun jeeta hai teree zulf key sar honey tak

Daam-e-har mauj mein hai halqaa-e-sad kaam nihang
Dekhein kya guzrey hai qatrey pey guhar honey tak

Aashiqee sabr talab aur tamannaa betaab
Dil ka kya rang karoon khoon-e-jigar honey tak

Hum ney maanaa ki taghaaful na karogey lekin
Khaak ho jaayengey hum tumko khabar honey tak

Gham-e-hastee ka Asad kissey ho juz marg ilaaj
~~~~~

Shamaa har rang mein jaltee hai sahar honey tak

## Ghazal 6

A sigh of longing takes an age to be heard, if ever,  
What man can live long enough to win you over?

A hundred crocodiles lie in ambush behind every wave and swirl  
Come, look what a drop of water must endure, before it becomes a pearl.

Love demands patience; desire wants it now and must  
What colour do I give my heart when to death bleeds my lust?

Of course, when I call for you, you will not let me down, but  
By the the time you hear of my state, I may have turned to dust.

There is no cure for the sorrows of life but death: O Asad you must know  
A candle flickers in different hues till it is dawn of the morrow.



## HAKIM MOMIN KHAN MOMIN (1801–1852)

Momin Khan Momin was born in Delhi into a family of Unani hakims. A trained physician in his own right, his interests, besides poetry and medicine, included chess, music and astrology. Unlike Zauq and Ghalib, Momin was financially secure and did not need to depend on patronage. This might have contributed to his spirit of independence. Momin was fluent in Urdu, Persian and Arabic and had studied the Quran closely. Momin died following an accident in which he fell off the roof of his house. He was fifty-one.

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## Khaamosh such

Kuchh log hain khaamosh

Magar soch rahey hain

Such bolengey tab

Such key jab daam barhengey

کھو-کھااااا

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## Buth parastee

Umr saaree to katee ishq-e-butaan mein Momin

Aakhree vaqt mein kya khaak Musalmaan hongey

## Silent Truth

There are some who remain silent  
But are sunk in deep surmise,  
Yes, they will speak the truth,  
But when the price of truth is on the rise.

## Idolatry

Momin, in the love of idols and idolaters your life was spent,  
Now that it ends, what hope do you have of being Muslim and repent?

ਮੇਰੀਆਂ ਆਖਿਆਂ

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## Haazir javaabee

Jab kahaa mainey ki tum bedaadgar na-aashnaa  
Bey mohabbat bewafaa begaanaa-e-ehbaab ho  
To phir usney hans key farmaaya ki main jo hoon so hoon  
Tum bhee to bechain ho besabr ho betaab ho

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## Tumhein yaad ho ki na yaad ho

Vo jo hummein tummein qaraar thha tumhein yaad ho ki na yaad ho  
Vahee yaani vaadaa nibaah ka tumhein yaad ho ki na yaad ho  
Vo jo lutf mujh pey thhey peshtar voh karam ki thhaa merey haal par  
Mujhey sab hai yaad zaraa zaraa tumhein yaad ho ki na yaad ho

## Riposte

When I said, 'You are unjust, unfriendly, unloving, unfaithful and behave like  
a stranger,'  
She laughed and replied, 'What I am I am! But you too are restless, impatient  
and far too eager!'

## Past Love

That faith we reposed in each other, you may remember or you may have  
forgot.  
Those promises we made to stick together, you may remember or you may  
have forgot.  
The favours you showed me, the kind eye you had for my state,  
In bits and pieces I remember it all, you may remember or you may have  
forgot.



## NAWAB MIRZA KHAN DAAGH DEHLVI (1831—1905)

Nawab Mirza Khan Daagh was born in 1831 into Delhi aristocracy. He lost his father when he was six and was brought up in the Red Fort by his stepfather, Mirza Muhammed Fakhroo, heir to Bahadur Shah Zafar's throne. On Fakhroo's death in 1865, Daagh left Delhi for Rampur where he entered government service and lived in comfort for twenty-four years. He was poet laureate at the court of the Nawab of Rampur. Thereafter followed a period of wandering which ended when he was invited by the Nizam of Hyderabad in 1891.

Daagh's forte was the ghazal, and the tone of his poems exuberant. He was a self-acknowledged romantic and, contrary to the impression one gets from his poetry, a teetotaler. Daagh's work was extremely popular in his lifetime and Iqbal sent him his compositions seeking his advice.

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Faasley

Uzr aaney mein bhee hai aur bulaatey bhee naheen

Baais-e-tark-e-mulaaqaat bataatey bhee naheen

Khoob pardaa hai key chilman sey lagey baitthey hain

Saaf chhuptey bhee naheen saamney aatey bhee naheen

Ho chukaa qataa taa'lluq to jafaayen kyon ho

Jinko matlab naheen rehtaa vo sataatey bhee naheen

Zeest sey tang ho ai Daagh to jeetey kyon ho

Jaan pyaaree bhee naheen jaan sey jaatey bhee naheen

## Distance

She hesitates to come to me, nor does she invite me to her door  
Or tell me why we've stopped seeing each other as before.

She sits at a distance with her face partly veiled so I can't see  
Nor does she sit in front, facing me.

When our love affair is over, why inflict pain?  
Those who have nothing more to do with you should desist from torture, it is  
in vain

If you are bored of living, Daagh, why go on so long?  
If you don't enjoy life, why then carry on.

ਸਾਧਨ

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## Savaal

Rasm-e-ulfat sikhaa gayaa koe  
Dil kee duniyaa pey chhaa gayaa koe

Taa qayaamat kisee tarah na bujhey  
Aag aisee lagaa gayaa koe

Dil kee duniyaa ujaad see kyon hai  
Kyaa yahaan sey chala gayaa koe

Vaqt-e-rukhsat galey lagaa kar Daagh  
Hastey hastey rulaa gayaa koe

## Questions

Someone taught me the rites of love  
Someone filled my heartspace from above.

Someone lit a fire that won't die  
Till the world spins to eternity.

Why is my heart a desert waste,  
Now that someone has gone, leaving it desolate.

Who left you, Daagh, with a happy embrace  
While you remained with a tear-stained face.



## AKBAR HUSSAIN AKBAR ALLAHABADI (1846—1921)

Akbar was born in Bara, near Allahabad. He was a scholarly, readywitted and affable man with a sharp sense of humour which became the hallmark of his poetry. Akbar was conservative in his views. He opposed Westernization of Indian society. Though he supported the segregation of women and believed in purdah, he championed the cause of education for women.

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## Kaaghazi parhaai

Baaghon mein to bahaar darakhton kee dekh lee  
College mein aa key convocation ko dekhiye  
Leemoo to kaaghazee bahut dekhey hain aapney  
Ab kaaghazee taraqqee-e-nation ko dekhiye

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## Deen kee baatein

Mazhabee bahas meiney kee hee naheen  
Faaltoo aql mujh mein thhee hee naheen

ਸ਼ਰਫ਼ਤਾਰ

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## Vakeel

Paida hua vakeel to Iblees ney kahaa  
Lo aaj hum bhee saahib-e-aulaad ho gaye

## Paper Learning

In gardens you must have seen trees in seasonal glory  
Now come and see a college convocation.  
Lemons with paper-thin skins you must have seen in plenty  
Now behold the paper-progress of the nation.

## Religious Debates

To involve myself in religious debates, I never did care  
I never had, nor have any brains to spare.

## Lawyers

The day a lawyer was born Satan said with joy  
'Allah has made me today the father of a boy.'

Deendaar sharaabi

Deendaar-e-mai hai saamney shaikh sey keh rahey hain sab  
Dekhta kya hai har taraf mard-e-khuda charha bhee ja

Deendaar sharaabi

Saaghar-e-mai hai saamney shaikh sey keh rahey hain sab  
Dekhta kya hai har taraf mard-e-khuda charha bhee ja

Khudae

Har zarraa chamaktaa hai anvar-e-ilaahy sey  
Har saans ye kehtee hai hum hain to khuda bhee hai

Khudae

Har zarraa chamaktaa hai anvar-e-ilaahy sey  
Har saans ye kehtee hai hum hain to khuda bhee hai

Khuda ka naam

Raqeebon ney rapat likhvae hai jaa jaa key thhaaney mein  
Ki Akbar naam leta hai khuda ka is zamaney mein

Khuda ka naam

Raqeebon ney rapat likhvae hai jaa jaa key thhaaney mein  
Ki Akbar naam leta hai khuda ka is zamaney mein

NI AKKURU HADIRI JELA HAI KINUA KA IS ZAMANEY MEMI

## Holy Bibber

The jug of wine lies before the sheikh as well as the cup  
'Why look here and there, man of God? Bottoms up!'

## Being God

Every mote of dust is aglow with divine light for you to see  
Every breath you take proclaims, 'If I am, so God must be.'

## The Name of God

My rivals have lodged complaints against me in police stations for the crime  
That Akbar continues to take the name of God in the present age and time.



## SHAAD AZIMABADI (1846–1927)

Not much is known about Shaad Azimabadi. He was born Syed Ali Muhammad in Patna which is where he also died.

ਸੁਨੇ ਕਹਾਣੀਆਂ ਦੀਆਂ

ਸੁਨੇ ਕਹਾਣੀਆਂ-ਸੁਨੇ

ਸੁਨੇ ਕਹਾਣੀਆਂ ਦੀਆਂ

ਸੁਨੇ ਕਹਾਣੀਆਂ ਦੀਆਂ

ਸੁਨੇ ਕਹਾਣੀਆਂ ਦੀਆਂ

Kahaan sey kahaan ko

Sunee hikaayat-e-hastee  
To darmiyaan sey sunee  
Na ibtidaa kee khabar hai  
Na intihaa maaloom

ਸੁਨੇ ਕਹਾਣੀਆਂ-ਸੁਨੇ

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ਸੁਨੇ ਕਹਾਣੀਆਂ-ਸੁਨੇ

Dariya-e-mohabbat

Main hairat-o-hasrat ka maaraa  
Khaamosh khara hoon saahil par  
Dariyaa-e-mohabbat kehta hai  
Aa kuchh bhee naheen paayaab hain hum

Where from, Where to

When I woke to the story of life  
It was already the middle of the tale,  
I know nothing of the beginning  
I'll know nothing of the end.

The River of Love

Overcome by wonder and longing  
I stand in silence by the shore  
The river of love beckons and says to me,  
'I am only knee-deep, fear no more.'

Yeh koocha

Hoon is koochey key har zarrey sey vaaqif  
Yahaan sey muddaton aayaa gayaa hoon

Tamannaayen

Tamannaaon mein uljhaayaa gayaa hoon  
Khilauney dey key behlaayaa gayaa hoon

## This Lane

Every speck of dust on this lane I know  
For ages it has been my way to and fro.

## Web of Desire

In the web of desires I have been caught  
With the gift of toys have I been bought.



## MOHAMMAD IQBAL (1873–1938)

Sir Mohammed Iqbal, MA Philosophy (Punjab), Ph.D (Heidelberg) and Barrister at law (London), also received doctorates in literature and philosophy from many other universities. He is recognized as the inheritor of Ghalib and the second-most renowned poet of Urdu. Like many of his predecessors, he wrote in both Urdu and Persian. The message he sought to convey is usually described as *khudi*— selfhood or self-assertion to achieve one's aims. Iqbal was an ardent supporter of a separate, independent state for Indian Muslims, and is regarded as one of the founding fathers of Pakistan. He was obsessed with religion, mainly Islam. Early in his poetic career, he composed 'Shikva' (The Mortal's Complaint to Allah), and 'Javaabe- Shikva' (Allah's Reply to the Mortal's Complaint) on the rise and downfall of the Muslim people.

Iqbal's tomb, close to the Badshahi Mosque in Lahore, is a national shrine.

## ਮੁੱਖ ਸ਼ਬਦ

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## Imtehaan

Khuda sey husn ney ik roz yeh savaal kiya  
Jahaan mein kyon na mujhey tooney laazavaal kiya  
Mila javaab ki tasveerkhaanaa hai duniya  
Shab-e-daraaz adam ka fasaana hai duniya  
Huee hai rang-e-taghayyur sey jab namood iskee  
Vahee haseen hai haqeeqat zavaal hai jiskee  
Kaheen qareeb thha ye guftagoo qamar ney sunee  
Falak pey aam huee akhtar-e-sahar ney sunee  
Sahar ney taarey sey sunkar sunaaee shabnam ko  
Falak kee baat bataa dee zameen key mahram ko  
Bhar aave phool kev aansoon davaam-e-shabnam sev

Kalee ka nanha sa dil khoon ho gayaa gham sey  
Chaman sey rotha hua mausam-e-bahaar gayaa  
Shabaab sair ko aaya thha sogvaar gayaa

## Beauty is transient

To the Creator did beauty one day complain,  
‘Why did you make me of that which wanes?’  
‘The world is like a hall of mirrors’ answered He,  
‘A tale told to pass the long night of eternity,  
With the clay and hues of change was it made,  
And it is the essence of beauty that it must fade.’  
The moon overheard, for she was not far.  
The news spread in the skies to the morning star  
The star said it to the dawn, dawn to the dew extended,  
The secret of the heavens thus to the earth descended.  
The flower was heavy with tears at what the dew had said  
The bud’s little heart burst with grief and bled  
Spring fled the garden in loud lament  
Youth that had come to sport in sorrow went.

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Khudee

Khudee ko kar buland itna

Ki har taqdeer sey pehley

Khuda bandey sey khud poochhey

Bataa teree razaa kya hai

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## Sitaaron se aage

Too shaaheen hai parvaaz hai kaam tera

Terey saamney aasmaan aur bhee hain

Isee roz-o-shab mein ulajhkar na reh ja

Ki terey zameen-o-makaan aur bhee hain  
Sitaaron sey aagey jahaan aur bhee hain  
Abhee ishq key imtehaan aur bhee hain

## Self-Will

Steel your will with such power  
That at every turn of fate it be so  
That God should ask of his slave,  
‘Tell me, what is it that pleases you?’

## Beyond the stars

You are a falcon, it is in your nature to fly  
For you there are other skies beyond this sky  
Don't let the web of dawns and dusks enmesh you  
For you have other lives, other goals to pursue  
Beyond these stars are worlds yet to unearth  
There are more trials of love to test your worth.

Yaqeen, amal, raham

Yaqeen mahkam amal paiham mohabbat faateh-e-aalam  
Jihaad-e-zindgaani mein hain yeh mardon kee shamsheerein

Yaqeen, amal, raham

Yaqeen mahkam amal paiham mohabbat faateh-e-aalam  
Jihaad-e-zindgaani mein hain yeh mardon kee shamsheerein

Bandaa deen ka

Nishaan-e-mard-e-Momin ba too goyam  
Choon marg aayad tabassum bar lab-e-ost

Bandaa deen ka

Nishaan-e-mard-e-Momin ba too goyam  
Choon marg aayad tabassum bar lab-e-ost

## Faith, Conduct, Compassion

Man's weapons in life's battles are three:

Conviction that his cause is just

Courage to fight for it till eternity

Compassion that embraces all humanity.

## Man of Faith

You ask me for the signs of a man of faith—

When death comes to him, he has a smile on his lips.

ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤੀ ਜਸਮੀਤ ਕੌਰ

ਮੈਂ ਇਸ ਸਮੇਂ ਮੇਰੇ ਪਤਨੀ-ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤੀ ਜਸਮੀਤ ਕੌਰ  
ਮੇਰੇ ਪਤਨੀ ਜਸਮੀਤ ਕੌਰ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਹੋਵਾਂਗੀ  
ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤੀ ਜਸਮੀਤ ਕੌਰ-ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤੀ ਜਸਮੀਤ ਕੌਰ  
ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤੀ ਜਸਮੀਤ ਕੌਰ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਹੋਵਾਂਗੀ

## Jamhooriyat

Is raaz ko to mard-e-firangee ney kiya faash  
Har chand ki daanaa usey khola naheen kartey  
Jamhooriyat ik tarz-e-hukoomat hai ki jismein  
Bandon ko gina kartey hain tola naheen kartey

ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤੀ ਜਸਮੀਤ ਕੌਰ

ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤੀ-ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤੀ ਜਸਮੀਤ ਕੌਰ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਹੋਵਾਂਗੀ  
ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤੀ ਜਸਮੀਤ ਕੌਰ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਹੋਵਾਂਗੀ  
ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤੀ ਜਸਮੀਤ ਕੌਰ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਹੋਵਾਂਗੀ  
ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤੀ-ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤੀ ਜਸਮੀਤ ਕੌਰ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਹੋਵਾਂਗੀ

## Bandagee sauda naheen hai

Dayaar-e-maghrib key rehney vaalo khuda kee bastee dukaan naheen hai  
Kharaa jisey tum samajh rahey ho vo ab zar-e-kam ayaar hoga  
Tumhaaree tehzeeb apney khanjar sey aap hee khudkushee karegee  
Jo shaakh-e-naazuk pey aashiyaana banega na-paayedaar hoga

## Democracy

One myth, at least, the feringhee exploded,  
A secret wise men have never betrayed:  
Democracy is a form of government in which  
Heads are counted, but men never weighed.

## Worship is Not a Trade

You who dwell in the West should know that God's earth is not a shop for  
trade  
Gold you value so much as pure will prove to be of lower grade  
With your own hand and dagger, your culture will be slain;  
A nest built on a weak branch will forever infirm remain.

ਸਰਬਤ ਕੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨਾ

ਸਰਬਤ ਕੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨਾ ਸਰਬਤ ਕੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨਾ  
ਸਰਬਤ ਕੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨਾ-ਸਰਬਤ ਕੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨਾ ਸਰਬਤ ਕੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨਾ

## Leader kee khusoosiyat

Nigah buland sukhān dilnavāz jān pur soz  
Yahee hai rakht-e-safar meer-e-kaarvaan key liye

ਸਰਬਤ ਕੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨਾ

ਸਰਬਤ ਕੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨਾ ਸਰਬਤ ਕੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨਾ  
ਸਰਬਤ ਕੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨਾ ਸਰਬਤ ਕੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨਾ ਸਰਬਤ ਕੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨਾ

## Toofaan aur zindagee

Khuda tujhey kisee toofaan sey aashnaa kar dey  
Ki terey behr kee maujon mein iztiraab naheen

## Leadership Qualities

Lofty vision, heart-warming speech and a soul on fire  
Of the leader of a caravan this is all we require.

## Stormy Life

May God grant you the experience of a storm:  
The waves of your life's ocean are too calm.

ਸ਼ਾਮਸ਼ੇਰ-ਓ-ਸਿਨਾ ਸ਼ਾਹਸ਼ਾਹੀ

ਮੇਰੇ ਮੁਖਿਕੋ ਬਤਾਵਾਂ ਹੋਣ ਤਾਕਦੀਰ-ਏ-ਉਮਮ ਮੇਰੇ ਹੈ  
ਸ਼ਾਮਸ਼ੇਰ-ਓ-ਸਿਨਾ ਅਵਲ ਤਾਓਸ-ਓ-ਰਾਬਾਬ ਅਖੀਰ

Bantee ujartee saltanatein

Main tujhko bataata hoon taqdeer-e-umam kya hai  
Shamsheer-o-sina avval taoos-o-rabaab aakhir

ਮਾਜ਼ਹਬ ਅਤੇ ਸਿਆਸਤ

ਜਲਾਲ-ਏ-ਬਾਦਸ਼ਾਹੀ ਅਤੇ ਯਾ ਜਮਹੂਰੀ ਤਮਾਸ਼ਾ ਹੈ  
ਜੂਦਾ ਹੈ ਦੇਨ ਸਿਆਸਤ ਸੇਧ ਤੋਂ ਰਹਿ ਜਾਵਾਂ ਹੈ ਚਾਂਗੇਜ਼ੀ

Mazhab aur siyaasat

Jalaal-e-baadshaahee ho ya jamhooree tamaasha ho  
Juda ho deen siyaasat sey to reh jaatee hai Changezee

## Rise and Fall of Nations

Let me tell you of the rise and fall of nations  
With swords, bows and arrows they rise  
With the music of lute and viol they perish.

## Faith and Politics

Whether it is the splendour of monarchy or the spectacle of democracy,  
If politics is separated from religion all that remains is tyranny and anarchy.

ਪੰਜਾਬ-ੳ-ਪੰਜਾਬ

ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਆ ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ ਪੰਜ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਆ ਆ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਆ

ਪੰਜਾਬ-ੳ-ਪੰਜਾਬ ਆ ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ ਆ ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ ਆ

## Ishq-e-vatan

Patthar kee moorti mein samjha hai too khuda hai

Khaak-e-vatan ka mujhko har zarra devta hai

ਪੰਜਾਬ ਆ ਪੰਜਾਬ

ਆ ਆ ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ

ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ

ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ-ੳ-ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ-ੳ-ਪੰਜਾਬ ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ

ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ-ੳ-ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ-ੳ-ਪੰਜਾਬ ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ

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## Khudaa aur bandaa

Too shab aafreedee chiragh aafreedam

Sifal aafreedee ayaagh aafreedam

Biyaabaan-o-kuhsar-o-raagh aafreedee

Khayabaan-o-gulzaar-o-baagh aafreedam

Man aanam key az sang aaeena saazam

Man aanam key az zehr har sheena saazam

## Love of the Homeland

You believe that an idol made of stone is God  
For me, every speck of the dust of my homeland is a god.

## Man and God

You made the night, I lit the lamp in it  
You made the clay, I moulded it into a goblet.  
In the wild wastes, mountains and forests that you made  
Orchards, flower beds and gardens have I laid.  
It is I who ground stones and turned them into mirrors,  
It is I who out of poison extracted its antidote.

ہمیں ہے وہ ہمیں

ہم کہیں کہیں ہے ہم کہیں کہیں-ہم-ہم

ہمیں ہے وہ ہمیں کہیں کہیں-ہم-ہم

Husn ka nazaara

Too khursheedee au man sayyaara-e-too

Saraapa nooram az nazzaara-e-too

ہمیں ہے وہ ہمیں

ہمیں ہے وہ ہمیں کہیں کہیں ہے ہمیں

ہمیں ہے وہ ہمیں کہیں کہیں کہیں کہیں ہے ہمیں

Bechaen javanee

Shabaab aah kahaan tak umeedvaar rahey

Vo aish aish naheen jiska intizaar rahey

## Ode to Beauty

You are the sun, I spin around you as a planet  
One sight of you and I am lit from head to foot.

## Impatient Youth

Impatient youth! How long in hope can it go on living?  
What joy is left in pleasure that takes so long in coming?

ਸ਼ਾਹੀ-ਸ਼ਾਹੀ

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## Farmaan-e-khuda

Uttho merree duniyaa key ghareebon ko jagaa do  
Kaankh-e-umaraa key dar-o-deevaar hila do  
Garmao ghulaamon ka lahu soz-e-yaqeen sey  
Kunjashk-e-faromaaya ko shaaheen sey laraa do  
Sultaanee-e-jamhoor ka aata hai zamaana  
Jo naqsh-e-kuhan tumko nazar aaye mita do  
Jis khet sey dehqaan ko mayassar na ho rozee  
Us khet key har goshaa-e-gandum ko jalaa do  
Kyon khaaliq-o-makhlooq mein haail rahen pardey  
Peeran-e-kaleesa ko kaleesa sey uttha do

## Heavenly Ordinance

Rise and get the poor of my world ready for battle  
Shake the mansions of the rich, till their doors and walls rattle.  
With conviction of victory the blood of the poor ignite  
Get the timid sparrow to take on the falcon in a fight.  
Comes a time for the masses to rule for sure  
Rub out what is now too old and obscure,  
Land that does not yield enough for the tiller to eat  
Burn every inch of that field, set fire to every stalk of wheat.  
Why these curtains between the Sustainer and those that he sustains?  
Throw out those old godmen from the house of God; let not one remain!

‘Khatree’ hai

Khatree Khatree-ke Khatree Khatree-Khatree Khatree  
Khatree-Khatree Khatree Khatree-Khatree-Khatree Khatree  
Khatree Khatree Khatree Khatree Khatree Khatree Khatree  
Khatree Khatree Khatree Khatree Khatree Khatree Khatree  
Khatree-Khatree Khatree Khatree-Khatree Khatree Khatree  
Khatree Khatree Khatree Khatree-Khatree Khatree Khatree

‘Shikva’ sey

Kyon ziyaan-kaar banoon sood-faraamosh rahoon  
Fikr-e-fardaa na karoon mahv-e-gham-e-dosh rahoon  
Naaley bulbul ke sunoon aur hamaatan gosh rahoon  
Ham navaa main bhee koi gul hoon ki khaamosh rahoon  
Jurat-aamoz meree taab-e-sukhan hai mujhko  
Shikva Allah sey khaakam-badhan hai mujhko

From 'Shikva' \*

(The Mortal's Complaint to Allah)

Why must I forever lose, forever forgo profit that is my due,  
Sunk in the gloom of evenings past, no plans for the morrow pursue?  
Why must I always remain attentive to the nightingale's lament,  
Friend, am I as dumb as a flower? Must I always remain silent?  
My theme makes me bold, makes my tongue more eloquent  
Dust be in my mouth, against Allah I make complaint !



\*The verses from page 113 to 133 are from Khushwant Singh's translation of Iqbal's long poems 'Shikva' and 'Javaab-e-Shikva'. The verses chosen here are not in the sequence in which they appear in the original poem.

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Humsey pehley thha ajab terey jahaan ka manzar  
Kaheen masjood thhey patthar kaheen maabood shajar  
Khoogar-e-paikar-e-mahsoos thhee insaan kee nazar  
Maanta phir koe andekhey khuda ko kyonkar  
Tujhko maaloom hai leta thha koi naam tera  
Quwwat-e-baazoo-e-muslim ney kiya kaam tera



Before our time, a strange sight was the worl You had made:  
Some worshipped stone idols, others bowed to trees and prayed.  
Accustomed to believing what they saw, the people's vision wasn't free,  
How then could anyone believe in a God he couldn't see?  
I ask, Do you know of anyone, Lord, who then took your name?  
It was the muscle in the Muslim's arms that carried out your task.



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Teree mehfil bhee gayee chaahney valey bhee gaye  
Shab kee aahen bhee gayeen subah key naley bhee gaye  
Dil tujhey dey bhee gaye apna sila ley bhee gaye  
Aakey baithey bhee na thhey aur nikaaley bhee gaye  
Aaye ushshaaq gaye vaada-e-fardaa lekar  
Ab unhen dhoond chiraagh-e-rukh-e-zeba lekar



Your mehfil is dissolved, those who loved you are also gone:  
No sighs through the nights of longing, no lamenting at dawn.  
We gave our hearts to you, took the wages you bestowed  
But hardly had we taken our seats, you ordered us to go.  
As lovers we came, as lovers departed with promises for tomorrow  
Now look for us with the light that on your radiant face does glow.



درد-ی-لایلا بھے واھے قایس کا پھلو بھے واھے  
نجد کی دشت-و-جبال میں روم-ی-اahoo بھے واھے  
عشق کا دل بھے واھے حسن کا جادو بھے واھے  
Ummat-e-Ahmad-e-mursil بھے واھے تو بھے واھے  
Phir yeh aazurdagee-e-ghair-e-sabab kya maanee  
Apney shaidaaon pey yeh chashm-e-ghazab kya maanee

Dard-e-laila bhee vahee qais ka pahloo bhee vahee  
Najd key dasht-o-jabal mein rum-e-aahoo bhee vahee  
Ishq ka dil bhee vahee husn ka jaadoo bhee vahee  
Ummat-e-Ahmad-e-mursil bhee vahee too bhee vahee  
Phir yeh aazurdagee-e-ghair-e-sabab kya maanee  
Apney shaidaaon pey yeh chashm-e-ghazab kya maanee



Laila's love is as intense, Qais desires her evermore,  
On Nejd's hills and dales, the deer swift-footed as before.  
The same love beats in the heart, beauty is as bewitching and magical,  
Your messenger Ahmed's following still abides, Your presence is eternal.  
Neither rhyme nor reason has your displeasure, what does it mean?  
On the faithful is your angry eye of censure! What does it mean?



Ishq kee khair vo pehlee see adaa bhee na sahee  
Jaadaapaimaai-e-tasleem-o-razaa bhee na sahee  
Muztarib dil sifat-e-qiblaanuma bhee na sahee  
Aur paabandee-e-aaeen-e-wafaa bhee na sahee  
Kabhee humsey kabhee ghairon sey shanaasaaee hai  
Baat kehney kee naheen too bhee to harjaaee hai



Our love may not be what it was, nor told with the same blandishments  
We may not tread the same path of submission, nor the same way give  
consent.

Our hearts are troubled, their compass needles from Mecca may have swerved  
Perhaps the old laws of faithfulness we may not have fully observed.  
But sometimes towards us, at times to others you have affection shown  
It's not something one should say, you too have not been true to your own.



‘‘Javaab-e-shikva’’ se

Hum to maail-ba-karam hain koe saail hee naheen  
Raah dikhlaayen kisey Rahrav-e-manzil hee naheen  
Tarbiyat aam to hai jauhar-e-qaabil hee naheen  
Jissey taameer ho aadam kee ye voh gil hee naheen  
Koe qabil ho to hum shaan-e-kaee detey hain  
Dhoondhney vaalon ko duniya bhee naee detey hain

‘‘Javaab-e-shikva’’ se

Hum to maail-ba-karam hain koe saail hee naheen  
Raah dikhlaayen kisey Rahrav-e-manzil hee naheen  
Tarbiyat aam to hai jauhar-e-qaabil hee naheen  
Jissey taameer ho aadam kee ye voh gil hee naheen  
Koe qabil ho to hum shaan-e-kaee detey hain  
Dhoondhney vaalon ko duniya bhee naee detey hain

From 'Javaab-e-Shikva'  
(Allah's Reply to the Mortal's Complaint)

Limitless is Our bounty, but none for it will pray.  
There's no one on the seeker's path, to whom do We point the way?  
Not one proved worthy of the care with which they were raised  
You are not the clay of which another Adam could be made.  
If there were one deserving, We'd raise him to regal splendour,  
To those who seek, We would unveil a new world of wonder.



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Kis qadar tum pey garaan subah kee bedaaree hai  
Humsey kab pyaar hai haan neend tumhein pyaari hai  
Tab-e-aazaad pey qaid-e-ramzaan bhaaree hai  
Tumhee keh do yahee aaeen-e-wafaadaaree hai  
Qaum mazhab sey hai mazhab jo naheen tum bhee naheen  
Jazb-e-baaham jo naheen mehfil-e-anjum bhee naheen



Heavy weighs the light of dawn, how loth you are to rise  
Why protest you love Us? It is your slumber that you prize.  
On your carefree spirit Ramadan's fast does heavily press  
Ask yourselves and answer: is this the way of faithfulness?  
A people are bound by faith, without faith they cease to be  
If nothing binds you, you are like meteors, not stars in a galaxy.



ਮੁਸਲਮਾਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਨੂੰ ਮੁਸਲਮਾਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ  
ਆਪ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਨੂੰ  
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Munfa-at ek hai is qaum kee nuqsaan bhee ek  
Ek hee sab ka nabee deen bhee imaan bhee ek  
Haram-e-paak bhee Allah bhee Quran bhee ek  
Kuchh baree baat thhee hotey jo Musalmaan bhee ek  
Firqa-bandee hai kaheen aur kaheen zatein hain  
Kya zamaaney mein panapney kee yahee baatein hain



You are one people, you share in common your weal and woe  
You have one faith, one creed, and to one Prophet allegiance owe.  
You have one sacred Kaaba, one God and one holy book, the Quran.  
Was it so difficult to unite in one community every single Mussalman?  
Factions in one place, divisions into castes in another—  
In these times are these the ways to progress and prosper?



ਸ਼ਾਹਿਦ-ਸ਼ਾਹਿਦ ਸਨ ਸਨ ਸ਼ਾਹਿਦ-ਸ਼ਾਹਿਦ ਸਨ ਸ਼ਾਹਿਦ

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Vaaiz-e-qaum kee vo pukhta-khayaalee na rahee

Varq-tabae na rahee shola-maqaamee na rahee

Reh gayee rasm-e-azaan rooh-e-Bilaalee na rahee

Falsafaa reh gayaa talqeen-e-ghazaalee na rahee

Masjiden marsiya khwaan hain ki namaazee na rahey

Yaanee voh saahib-e-ausaaf-e-hijaazee na rahey



Your mentors are immature: there's no substance in what they preach  
No flash of lightning enlightens their minds, there's no fire in their speech.  
Only a ritual the call to prayer; the spirit of Bilal has fled.  
There's no end to philosophizing, Ghazali's discourse remains unread.  
Now mourn the empty mosques; no worshippers fill them with prayer.  
The likes of noble Hijazi gentlemen are no longer there.



ہمیں-ہمیں میں ہمارے-ہمیں ہ میں  
میں میں ہمارے میں ہمارےہمارے میں میں  
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ہمارے ہمارے میں ہمارے ہمارے میں ہمارے ہ میں

Qais-e-zehmat kash-e-tanhaaee-e-sahra na rahey  
Shahr kee khaye havaa badiyaapaimaan na rahey  
Voh to deevaana hai mastee mein rahey ya na rahey  
Yeh zarooree hai hijaab-e-rukh-e-laila na rahey  
Gila-e-jaur na ho shikva-e-bedaad na ho  
Ishq aazaad hai kyon husn bhee aazaad na ho



Today's lovers are not like Qais; they cannot bear the loneliness of desert  
wastes

They have breathed the city's airs, for desert wines they have no taste.

Qais is crazed with love; he may or may not choose the city as his dwelling  
place

But there is no reason why Laila should not raise her veil and show her lovely  
face.

Enough of protesting against cruelty, enough complaining against tyranny

If love can wander freely, why should beauty not be set free?



ਰੰਗ-ਭੰਗ-ਭੰਗ ਤੂੰ ਤੂੰ ਪੈਰੇਸ਼ਾਨ ਮਾਲੇ  
ਕਾਕਬ-ਘੋਂਚਾ ਸੇ ਸ਼ਾਕਹਿਨ ਹਾਨ ਚਮਾਕਨੇ ਵਾਲੇ  
ਖਸ਼-ਖ਼ਾਸ਼ਕ ਸੇ ਹੋਤਾ ਹੈ ਗੁਲਿਸ਼ਾਨ ਖ਼ਾਲੇ  
ਗੁਲਬਰ ਅੰਦਾਜ਼ ਹੈ ਖ਼ੂਨ-ਏ-ਸ਼ੁਹਦਾ ਕੇ ਲਾਲੇ  
ਰੰਗ ਗਰਦੂ ਕਾ ਤਾਰਾ ਦੇਖ ਤੋ ਅਨਾਬੇ ਹੈ  
ਏ ਨਿਕਲੇ ਘੁੰਘੁਰੂ ਕੇ ਉਫ਼ਾਤਾਬੇ ਹੈ

Dekh kar rang-e-chaman ho na pareshaan maalee  
Kaukab-e-ghooncha sey shaakhein hain chamakney vaalee  
Khas-o-khaashak sey hota hai gulistaan khaalee  
Gulbar andaaz hai khoon-e-shuhada kee laalee  
Rang gardoo ka zaraa dekh to unnaabee hai  
Ye nikaltey huey sooraj kee ufaqtaabee hai



Let not the sorry plight of the garden upset the gardener  
Buds will soon sprout on the branches and glitter like stars.  
Weeds and brambles will be swept out with a broom  
And where martyrs' blood was shed red roses shall bloom.  
Look, how russet hues have tinged the eastern skies!  
The horizon heralds the birth of a new sun about to rise.



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Aql hai teree sipar ishq hai shamsheer teree  
Merey darvesh khilaafat hai jahaangeer teree  
Ma sivaa Allah key liye aag hai takbeer teree  
Too Musalmaan hai to taqdeer hai tadbeer teree  
Kee Muhammad sey wafaa tooney to hum terey hain  
Yeh jahaan cheez hai kya lauh-o-qalam terey hain



With reason as your shield and the sword of love in your hand  
Servant of God, the leadership of the world is at your command!  
The cry, 'Allah-o-Akbar' destroys all except God; it is a fire  
If you are true Muslims, your destiny is to grasp what you aspire.  
If you break not faith with Muhammad, we shall always be with you:  
What is this miserable world? To write the world's  
history, pen and tablet we offer you.





## MIRZA WAJID HUSAIN CHANGEZI (1884–1956)

Mirza Wajid Husain Yagana Changezi was born in Patna in 1884 where he was educated and began his poetic career. In 1905 he migrated to Lucknow where he lived until his death in 1956. He was recognized as a leading poet of his time.

We have chosen just one couplet by Changezi, a remarkable one with particular relevance to all times and all religions.

کافر

ہم کافر کافر کافر کافر کافر کافر کافر  
ہم کافر ہم کافر ہم کافر-ہم کافر کافر

Kafir

Sab terey sivaa kaafir aakhir iska matlab kya  
Sar phira dey insaan ka aisa khabt-e-mazhab kya

Kafir

All besides you are infidels; in the end what does it say?  
It makes lunatics of men, what kind of religion is this, I pray?





## FIRAQ GORAKHPURI (1896–1982)

Raghupati Sahay Firaq was born in Gorakhpur in Uttar Pradesh. His father, though an advocate by profession, wrote poetry under the pen name 'Ibrat'. Firaq grew up amidst literary surroundings. A good student, he received an MA degree in English and, after a short stint in government service, taught English literature at Allahabad University. He left his mark on three genres of Urdu poetry: the ghazal, nazm and rubaai. He wrote more than 40,000 couplets, mostly on love and beauty. His verse is remarkable for its sensuous quality. Firaq's poetry is a unique blend of Urdu and Hindi and has been published in four anthologies, Rooh-e-kayenat, Gul-e-Ra'na, Gul-e-naghma and Roop. He received the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1960 and the Jnanpith award in 1969.

~~~~~

Hum jahaan ko rashk-e-jannat hum karengey ek din
Jinka ye imaan naheen aison ko jannat chaahiye

Hasrat

Is jahaan ko rashk-e-jannat hum karengey ek din
Jinka ye imaan naheen aison ko jannat chaahiye

~~~~~

Hum jahaan ko rashk-e-jannat hum karengey ek din  
Jinka ye imaan naheen aison ko jannat chaahiye

## Imaan

Nayee duniya mein kuchh beetey dinon key bhee nishaan hongey  
Ajaibkhaanon mein rakhengey eemaanon ko deenon ko

~~~~~

Hum jahaan ko rashk-e-jannat hum karengey ek din
Jinka ye imaan naheen aison ko jannat chaahiye
Hum jahaan ko rashk-e-jannat hum karengey ek din
Jinka ye imaan naheen aison ko jannat chaahiye

Piyakkar

Ai Shaikh gar asar hai dua mein
To masjid hila key dikha
Gar naheen to do ghoont pee
Aur masjid ko hilta dekh

Desire

We mortals will make our world the envy of paradise, come what may
Let those who have no faith in us go to their heaven, they don't have to stay.

Faith

In the new world, our ancient past too will have a place
In our museums, our faiths and creeds will be given some space.

Drunkard

O holy man, if there is power in your prayer
Let me see you make the mosque's walls shake,
If not, come, take a swig or two of wine
And watch how the mosque quakes.

ਰਾਤ ਕਾ ਫਾਸਾਨਾ

ਏ ਊਰੇ ਊਰੇ ਸੇ ਰਾਨਗ ਏ ਖੁਲੇ ਖੁਲੇ ਸੇ ਗੇਸੂ
ਟੇਰੇ ਸੁਬਾਹ ਕੇ ਰਾਹੇ ਹੈ ਟੇਰੇ ਰਾਤ ਕਾ ਫਾਸਾਨਾ

Raat ka fasaana

Ye uree uree see rangat ye khuley khuley sey gesoo
Teree subah keh rahee hai teree raat ka fasaana

ਮੁਹੱਬਤ

ਮੁੱਦਾਟੇਨ ਗੁਜ਼ਰੇਨ ਟੇਰੇ ਯਾਦ ਬੇਹੇ ਆਏ ਨਾ ਹੁਮੇਨ
ਓਰ ਹੁਮ ਭੂਲ ਗਏ ਹਨ ਤੁਯੇ ਆਇਸਾ ਬੇਹੇ ਨਾਹੇਨ
ਸਰ ਮੇਨ ਸਾਦਾ ਬੇਹੇ ਨਾਹੇਨ ਦਿਲ ਮੇਨ ਤਾਮਾਨਾ ਬੇਹੇ ਨਾਹੇਨ
ਲੇਕਿਨ ਇਸ ਤਰਕ-ਏ-ਮੁਹੱਬਤ ਕਾ ਭਾਰੋਸਾ ਬੇਹੇ ਨਾਹੇਨ

Mohabbat

Muddatein guzreen teree yaad bhee aaee na humein
Aur hum bhool gaye hon tujhey aisa bhee naheen
Sar mein sauda bhee naheen dil mein tamanna bhee naheen
Lekin is tark-e-mohabbat ka bharosa bhee naheen

The Morning After

The pallor of your face, your ruffled unruly hair are a sight
Your morning tells the story of how you passed the night.

Love

Ages passed and I did not even think of you
That I have forgotten you is also not true.
No bargain in my head, nor in my heart desire,
But of this logic of love, too, who can be sure?



BALMUKAND ARSH MALSIYANI (1908–1979)

Balmukand began writing poetry at an early age. Despite his father's opinion—that he did not have it in him to become a great poet—he persisted in his efforts and won a place for himself among the poets of his time, using the pseudonym 'Arsh'. He had modest formal education. After passing the college intermediate examination, he tried his hand at a variety of jobs in different government departments till he succeeded Josh Malihabadi as editor of Aaj Kal in the publication division of the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting. Malsiyani's anthologies of verse, Haft Rang, Chango- Ahang, Aahang-e-hazaaz and a satirical work Post Mortem, are popular even today. He died in 1979 in Delhi.

ਭਾਗ ੧

ਭਾਗ ੧
ਭਾਗ ੧
ਭਾਗ ੧
ਭਾਗ ੧-ਭਾਗ ੧

Haqeeqat

Firdaus key chashmon kee ravaanee pey na ja
Ai shaikh too jannat kee kahaanee pey na ja
Is vahm ko chhor apney burhapey hee ko dekh
Hooraan-e-bahishtee kee javaanee pey na ja

Reality

Do not get taken in by tales of streams that flow in paradise
Old sheikh, do not be fooled by stories of heavenly delights;
Forget this make-believe, be your age, see your gray hair forsooth
Don't dream of houris in the bloom of their youth.





ABDUL HAMEED ADAM (1909—)

Adam's poetry is conventional, following the traditional rules of metre and rhyme. Bold and provocative, Adam has several collections of poetry to his credit.

Here, again, we will quote just a single, brilliant couplet.

امير-غريب

اميروں کو امير-و-غريبوں کو
غريبوں کو فirdaus پر تال دو

Ameer–ghareeb

Ameeron ko aizaaz-o-iqbaal do
Ghareebon ko firdaus par taal do

The Rich and the Poor

Give the rich respect and glory as their prize
Fob off the poor with promises of paradise.





FAIZ AHMAD FAIZ (1911–1984)

Faiz Ahmed Faiz was born in Sialkot (now in Pakistan). He attended the Scottish Mission High School and went on to Government College, Lahore, to take a master's degree in English and Arabic. He taught English literature in Amritsar and Lahore before joining the Indian army in 1941. He rose to the rank of Lt Colonel and was awarded an MBE in 1944. He was the first editor of Pakistan Times and held the position till the paper was taken over by the Government and he was put behind bars.

Faiz began composing poetry when he was in his teens. His first public appearance was at a mushaira held in Murray College, Sialkot. Faiz was awarded several honorary doctorates of literature and received the Lenin International Peace Prize in 1962. Kala Qadir, the village Faiz's family came from, was renamed Faiz Nagar after the poet's death.

ਸ਼ਰਫ਼ੀਲੀ ਫ਼ੀਲਡ ਫ਼ੀਲਡ

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Beqarari mein qarar

Raat yoon dil mein teree khoyee huee yaad aaee
Jaisey veeraney mein chupkey sey bahaar aa jaaye
Jaisey sahraaon mein hauley sey chaley baad-e-naseem
Jaisey beemaar ko bevajah qaraar aa jaaye

Hope in Despair

Last night the lost memory of you stole into my mind
Stealthily as spring steals into a wilderness;
As on desert wastes a gentle breeze begins to blow
As in one sick beyond hope, hope begins to grow.

ਪੰਨਾ ੧੧ ਪੰਨਾਕੁੰਨੀ

ਪੰਨਾਕੁੰਨੀ ਪੰਨਾਕੁੰਨੀ ਪੰਨਾਕੁੰਨੀ ਪੰਨਾਕੁੰਨੀ ਪੰਨਾਕੁੰਨੀ
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Pehlee see mohabbat

Mujh sey pehlee see mohabbat meree mehboob na maang
Main ney samjha thha ki too hai to darakhshaan hai hayaat
Tera gham hai to gham-e-dehr ka jhagra kya hai
Teree soorat sey hai aalam mein bahaaron ko sabaat
Teree aankhon key sivaa duniya mein rakkha kya hai
Too jo mil jaaye to taqdeer nagoon ho jaaye
Yoon na thha mainey faqat chaahaa thha yoon ho jaaye
Aur bhee dukh hain zamaaney mein muhabbat key siva
Raahatein aur bhee hain wasl kee raahat key sivaa
Anginat sadiyon key taareek baheemaanaa tilism
Resham-o-atlas-o-kamkhwaab key bunvaaye huey
Tera bina khatun khus khus hai khatun khatun khatun

Jaa-da-jaa dikrey nuey koocna-o-daazaar mein jism

The Love We Had Before

Beloved, do not ask me for the love I had before
Then I had thought life was worth living because of you!
If I was in pain, I did not care what others went through
Your face gave the world assurance of springs to come;
Besides your eyes, to me the world meant nothing
And I would triumph over everyone if I won you.
It was not meant to be, I only wished it so
There are sorrows other than love's sorrow;
There are joys other than the joy of union with the beloved.
Countless centuries have witnessed tragedies
Interwoven in fabrics of silk, satin and gold lace:
Human flesh on sale in bazaars and in the market place
Smothered in dust and soaked in blood and gore

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Khaak mein litharey huey khoon mein nehlaaye huey
Jism nikley huey amraaz key tannooron sey
Peep bahtee huee galtey huey nasooron sey
Laut jaatee hai udhar ko bhee nazar kya keejey
Ab bhee dilkash hai tera husn magar kya keejey
Aur bhee dukh hain zamaaney mein mohabbat key sivaa
Raahatein aur bhee hain wasl kee raahat key sivaa
Mujh sey pehlee see mohabbat meree mehboob na maang

Corpses pulled out of ovens of diseases
Puss oozing out of festering sores—
If my gaze turns to these things, what can I do?
Your beauty is still heart-bewitching, but what can I do?
There are other sorrows in the world besides the pangs of love
There are other joys in life besides the fulfilment of love.
Beloved, do not ask me for the Love I had before.



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Voh daur

Kuchh Ramzaan pehley in aankhon key aagey kya kya na nazaarey guzrey
thhey

Kya roshnee ho jatee thhee galee jab yaar hamaarey guzrey thhee

Voh kitney achhey log thhee jinko apney gham sey fursat thhi

Jo poochhthey thhey jab koe dard ka maara guzra thha

Once upon a Time

There were days when many a spectacle passed before my eyes
Then my street lit up when my beloved happened to pass by;
How good were people who had time to think of others? woe
They had time to ask them how they coped with their sorrows.

ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ

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ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ

Hum dekhengey

Hum dekhengey

Laazim hai ki hum bhee dekhengey

Vo din kee jiska vaada hai

Jo lauh-e-azal pey likkha hai

Hum dekhengey!

Jab zulm-o-sitam key koh-e-giraan

Ruee kee tarah ur jaayengey

Hum mahkumon key paaon taley

Yeh dhartee dhar-dhar dharkeygee

Aur ahle-e-hukum key sar upar

Jab bijlee kar-kar karkegee

Hum dekhengey

Calls to Arms

We will see!

We are also duty-bound to see!

What happens on the day of promise,

Written on tablets of history

We will see!

When massive mountains of cruelty and tyranny

Will be blown sky-high like fluffs of cotton;

When marching steps of the downtrodden

Will make the earth beneath their feet quake and shudder

When skies above the heads of tyrant rulers

By streaks of lighting are split asunder

We will see!

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Jab arz-e-khudaa key kaabey sey
Sab buth utthvaaye jaayengey
Hum ahle-e-safaa mardood-e-haram
Masnad pey bithaaye jaayengey
Sab taaj uchhaaley jaayengey
Sab takht giraaye jaayengey
Hum dekhengey

Bas naam rahega Allah ka
Jo ghaayab bhee hai haazir bhee

Jo manzar bhee hai naazir bhee
Utthega analhaq ka naaraa
Jo main bhee hoon aur tum bhee ho
Aur raaj karegee khalq-e-khuda

When from the sacred square of the Kaaba
Idols of false Gods will be uprooted;
When to us rootless and unwanted
Seats of power will be granted.
All crowns will be tossed into the air
All thrones ground to dust
We will see!

Only the name of Allah will prevail
Allah who is invisible and yet omnipresent,
Who is the scene and its viewer—
Then 'I am the truth' will be the cry
That will rend the sky,
Which includes both you and I!

ہم بھی ہیں اور تم بھی ہو

ہم دیکھیں گے

لازم ہے کہ ہم بھی دیکھیں گے

ہم دیکھیں گے

Jo main bhee hoon aur tum bhee ho

Hum dekhengey

Laazim hai ki hum bhee dekhengey

Hum dekhengey

And the people of God will rule the earth
Which includes both you and I.

We will see!

We are duty-bound to see!

We will see!



ਸ਼ੁਕਰ ਹਾਇ ਜਿੰਦਗੀ

ਸ਼ੇਖ਼ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਸੇ ਰਸਮ-ਓ-ਰਾਹ ਨਾ ਕੀ

ਸ਼ੁਕਰ ਹਾਇ ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਤਾਬਾਹ ਨਾ ਕੀ

Nijat paayi

Sheikh saahab sey rasm-o-raah na kee

Shukr hai zindagee tabaah na kee

ਫੁਰਸਤ-ਏ-ਗੁਨਾਹ

ਇਕ ਫੁਰਸਤ-ਏ-ਗੁਨਾਹ ਮੀਲੇ ਵੋ ਬੀਛੇ ਚਾਰ ਦਿਨ

ਦੇਖੀਏ ਹਾਇਨ ਹੁਮਨੈ ਹਾਸਲੈ ਪਰਵਰਦੀਗਾਰ ਕੀ

Fursat-e-gunah

Ik fursat-e-gunaah milee vo bhee chaar din

Dekhey hain humney hausley parvardigaar key

Good Riddance

With the preacher of morality I had no truck
I did not waste my life, I had good luck.

Little Time to Sin

I got but one chance to indulge myself in sin
But only for a brief four days or so;
I have seen how niggardly is the world's Protector
His patience with sinners is very thin.



GHULAM RABBANI TABAN (1914–1993)

Ghulam Rabbani Taban was born on 15 February 1914 in Qaimganj tehsil in Uttar Pradesh's Farrukhabad. Rabbani took the intermediate examination at Aligarh and graduated from St John's College, Agra. While in college, he wrote under the pseudonym 'Farchat'. He was a great mimic, and his verse was often light and funny. After college, Rabbani began writing more serious verse and adopted the pseudonym 'Taban.' A lawyer by training, he became involved in Marxist politics and was even sent to jail by the British. Rabbani later joined the Maktab-i-Jamia in Delhi, and was its general manager till his retirement in 1975.

Beemaree

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Beemaree

Dekha jo meree nabz ko
Kehney lagaa tabeeb
Majnoon maraa thha jissey
Aazaar hai vahee

Safar

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Safar

Justajoo ho to safar khatm kahaan hotaa hai
Yoon to har mor pey manzil ka gumaan hota hai

The Disease

The doctor felt my pulse

And on my asking him, replied:

Symptoms show it's the same disease of which Majnoon the
lover died.'

Journey

For the seeker the journey will never end

Though he may delude himself at every bend.

ॐ नमो

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Ek savaal

Koi kuchh to batlaao kya javaab doon aakhir

Ek savaal karta hai roz mujhsey ghar mera

ॐ नमो ॐ नमो

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Mera safar

Manzilon sey begana aaj bhee safar mera

Raat besahar meree dard beasar mera

A Question

Somebody please tell me what I should say
My home asks me a question every day.

My Journey

Without destination my journey is in vain
My night never ends, nor does my pain.



HABIB JALIB (1928–1993)

Habib Jalib was born in Hoshiarpur, East Punjab, in 1928. He was educated at the Anglo-Arabic School, Delhi, and migrated to Pakistan when India was partitioned in 1947. He threw in his lot with progressive leftist parties against dictatorial regimes and involved himself in women's rights movements. He was frequently imprisoned for preaching sedition and had his collection of poems *Sar-i-Maqtal* confiscated.

Jalib had something in common with Faiz and Sahir Ludhianvi. Their poetry is bitter and sweet; imbued with love for the common man and exhortations to revolt against systems that deny human rights and freedom of speech. Jalib's poetry was particularly popular in the sixties and seventies. He also wrote songs for a number of films.

Jalib spent most of his life in Lahore in abject poverty and died in 1993. He is best known for his poem 'Dastoor' (Rules).

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Khudai ka bharam

Tujh sey pehley jo ik shakhs yahaan takht nasheen thha
Usko bhee apney khudaa honey ka itna hee yaqeen thha

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Jurm

Qatl kyon ho gaya hum pey ilzaam hai
Qatl jisney kiya hai vahee muddaee
Vakeelon mein ab ye bahas chhir gayee
Ye jo qaatil ko thhoree see zehmat huee
Ye jo khanjar mein halka sa kham aa gayaa
Iska taavaan kisseey liya jaayega?

The Illusion of Being God

The one before you who sat on this very throne
He was equally convinced that he was God.

Crime

Why did you allow yourself to be killed??
Is the charge for which I am billed.
Now lawyers are arguing amongst themselves:
?This small trouble that the killer had to take,
This little dent that his dagger suffered,
Who should be made to compensate??



KISHWAR NAHEED (1940—)

Kishwar Naheed was born in Bulandshahr, Uttar Pradesh, and migrated to Pakistan after Partition, settling in Lahore. She studied at home and went on to receive a master's degree in economics from Punjab University.

Nahid's first collection of poetry, *Lab-i-goya*, published in 1968, won the prestigious Adamjee Prize of Literature. She has also written for children, for the daily newspaper *Jang*, and published her autobiography in 1994. In 2001 her collected works *Dasht-e-Qais mein Laila* was published. Kishwar's poetry has been translated into English and Spanish.

Kishwar was Director General of Pakistan National Council of the Arts before she retired, and has founded Hawwa (Eve), an organization whose goal is to help housebound women become financially independent through cottage industries and the marketing of handicrafts.

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Ye hum gunahgaar auratein hain

Ye hum gunahgaar auratein hain
Jo ahley jubba kee tamkanat sey
Na raub khaaein na jaan bechein
Na sar jhukaayen na haath jorein

Ye hum gunahgaar auratein hain
Ki jinkey jismon kee fasl bechein
Jo log vo sarfaraaz tthehreïn
Nayaabat-e-imtiyaaz tthehreïn
Vo daavar-e-ahl-e-saaz tthehreïn

Ye hum gunahgaar auratein hain
Ki sach ka parcham utha key niklein

To jhooth sey shaahrahein sari atee miley hain

We Sinful Women

Here we are known as women who sin
Because we are not awed by women who display fineries,
Or feel snubbed by their superior ways.
We do not sell our souls as they
We bow our heads before none, nor join our hands as if to pray.

Here we are known as women who sin
While those who reap the harvest of our bodies
Are exalted worthies
Men of good sense and distinction
The wise upholders of culture and propriety

Here we are known as women who sin
And when we march with the banner of truth
They place roadblocks of falsehood in our way;

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Jo bol saktee thheen vo zabaanein katee miley hain
Har ek dehleez pey sazaaon kee daastaanein rakhee miley hain

Ye hum gunahgaar auratein hain
Ki ab ta-aaqub mein raat bhee aaye
To ye aankhein naheen bujhengee
Ki ab jo deevaar gir chukee hai
Isey uthaaney kee zid na karna

The tongues that could speak are sliced off, they've nothing to say Of the
savaged lives lived behind every threshold.

Here we are known as women who sin Even if pursued by the ignorant
darkness of night Our eyes will never lose their sight; The wall of ignorance
has not fallen in vain Don't ever try to put it up again.





ZEHRA NIGAH

Zehra Nigah has broken the past tradition of writing in Persianized Urdu on hackneyed themes of maikhana, saqis, bulbul, roses, moths and flames. She uses a new vocabulary closer to our times and deals with harsh realities of present-day life. The story of Gul Badshah, of which just half has been translated for this anthology, is typical of her work. It explores the mind of a mujahid (holy warrior).

ਮੇਰਾ ਨਾਮ ਹੈ ਗੁਲ ਬਾਦਸ਼ਾਹ ਕੀ

ਮੇਰੀ ਉਮਰ ਹੈ ਤੇਰੇ ਬਰਾਬਰ

ਮੇਰੀ ਕਹਾਣੀ ਹੈ ਤੇਰੇ ਜਿਹੀ

ਮੇਰੇ ਮੁਨਸ਼ਿਰ ਮੁਨਸ਼ਿਰ ਮੁਕ਼ਤਸਰ ਮੁਕ਼ਤਸਰ

ਮੇਰੇ ਬੇਨਾਮ ਬੇ ਚੇਹਰਾ ਮਾਨ

ਮੇਰੇ ਦਵਾ ਮਾਰ ਗਈ

ਮੇਰੇ ਪਿਤਾ ਦਾ ਨਾਮ ਤਾਰਾਜ਼ ਗੁਲ

ਮੇਰੇ ਦਰ ਥੀ ਕਿ ਮੁਨਕਾਰ ਨਾਕੇਰ ਉਸਕਾ ਚੇਹਰਾ ਨਾ ਦੇਖਣ

ਮੇਰੇ ਜੀਵੇਂ ਤੀਰੇ ਜੀਵੇਂ ਮੇਰੇ ਮਾਫ਼ੂਨ ਥੀ

ਮੇਰੇ ਪਿਤਾ ਦਾ ਨਾਮ ਤਾਰਾਜ਼ ਗੁਲ

ਮੇਰੇ ਦਰ ਥੀ ਕਿ ਮੁਨਕਾਰ ਨਾਕੇਰ

ਮੇਰੇ ਜੀਵੇਂ ਤੀਰੇ ਜੀਵੇਂ

ਮੇਰੇ ਪਿਤਾ ਦਾ ਨਾਮ ਤਾਰਾਜ਼ ਗੁਲ

ਮੇਰੇ ਦਰ ਥੀ ਕਿ ਮੁਨਕਾਰ ਨਾਕੇਰ

ਮੇਰੇ ਜੀਵੇਂ ਤੀਰੇ ਜੀਵੇਂ

Kahaanee Gul Badshah kee

Naam mera hai Gul Badshah

Umr merree hai terah baras

Aur kahaani merree umr kee tarah sey

Muntashir muntashir mukhtasar mukhtasar

Meree benaam bey chehra maan

Be-davaa mar gayee

Baap ney usko burqey mein dafnaa diya

Usko dar thha ki munkar nakeer uska chehra na dekhien

Vaisey zinda thhee jab bhee madfoon thee

Baap ka naam Zartaaj Gul

Umr battees baras

Vo mujahid shahaadat ka taalib
Raah-e-haq ka musaafir hua
Aur jaam-e-shahaadat bhee usney

The Story of Gul Badshah

Gul Badshah is my name
I am thirteen years of age
My story like my age, you'll see
Is in bits and pieces and as short as it can be:
My mother had no face nor name that I could say
Nor money to buy medicines,
One day she simply faded away.
My father buried her in burqa in case
The Angels of Death ogle at her face—
Anyway, even when alive she was like one dead One could say.
My father's name was Zartaj Gul
He was thirty-two
He had just one ambition to fulfil
He was a holy warrior and wanted to die a martyr
So he took the path of righteousness.

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ਮੇਰੀਆਂ ਮੇਰੀਆਂ ਮਾਂ ਮਾਂ-ਮਾਂ-ਮਾਂ

Apney bhaaee key haathhon piya
Jo shimaalee mujahid thha
Aur panj-vaqta namaazee bhee thha
Mas alaa is shahaadat ka pecheeda hai
Isko behtar yahee hai yaheen chhor dein
Ab baharhaal baba to jannat mein hai
Uskey haathhon mein jaam-e-tahoor
Uskee baahon mein hoor-o-qusoor

He got the love for martyrdom from the hands of my uncle
My uncle, for what it is worth, was a holy warrior up north
And prayed five times a day.
Since martyrdom is a complex question
It is wiser to put it away for another day
However, my father is now in paradise:
In his hand he holds a goblet of sparkling wine
In his arms a lovely beauty and a pretty boy.





THE BEGINNING

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